We are young both, and a world of children
might haue been left behind to curse our follies;
we had beene vndone Biancha had wo married;
vndone for euer, I confesse I loud him,
I care not who shall know it, most entirely,
and once vpon my conscience he loud me;
but farewell that, we must be wiser cozen,
loue must not leaue vs to the world: haue ye done?

Row. Yes, and am readie to subscribe.

Liuia. Pray stay then giue me the papers,
and lett me peruse them,
and so much time as may afford a teare
at our last parting.

Bian. Pray retire and leaue her,
He call you presently.

Petro. Come gentlemen, the showre must fall.

Row. Would I had neuer seene her. — *Exeunt all, but Bianca & Liuia.*

Bian. Thou hast done brauely wench.

Liuia. Pray heauen it proue so.

Bian. There are the other papers, when they come
begin your first, and lett the rest subscribe
hard by your side, giue 'em as little light
as drapers doe their wares.

Liuia. Didst marke Moroso
in what an agonie he was, and how he cryd most,
when I abus'd him most.

Bian. That was but reason,

Liui. Oh! what a stinking cheese it is
though I was but to counterfett, he made me
directly sick indeed, Thames street to him
is a meere pomander.

Bian. Lett him

Bian. Lett him be hang'd

Liui. Amen.

Bian. E' sitt you still
and once more to our businesse,

Liui. Call 'em in,
and if there be a pow're that pities louers
helpe now, and haue my prayers. — *Enter Petronius, Moroso, Rowland, Franio.*

Petro. Is she ready?

Bian. She has done her lamentations,
pray goe to her.

Liui. Rowland come neare me, and before you seale
giue me your hand, take it againe, now kisse me,
this is the last acquaintance we must haue,
I wish you euer happie; there's the paper.

Row. Pray stay a little,

Petro. Lett me neuer liue more
but I doe begin to pittie this young fellow,
how hartly he weepes.

Bian. There's the Pen and inke, Sir,

Liui. Euen here, I pray you, 'tis a little Emblem
how neere you haue been to me.

Row. There.

Bian. Your hands too,
as witnesses.

Petro. By anie meanes:
to th' booke, sonne.

Moro. With all my heart.

Bian. You must deliuer it.

Row. There Liuia, and a better loue light on thee,
I can no more.

Bian. To this you must be witnesse too.

Petro. We will.